

WASHINGTON TIMES SPORTS

GRIFMEN FLAT-WHEEL  
THER WAY OVER DIXE'S  
WORSTROADS FOR WEEK

By LOUIS A. DOUGHER.

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 3.—This is the rhyme of the kitty-ka-thunk, the kitty-ka-thunk, the kitty-ka-thunk, the everlasting musical jangle of the wheels beneath the Pullman, which will be in our ears for a whole week now as we work our laborious way up to Columbia, over to Greenville and Greensboro, across to Lynchburg, and finally on up to Washington. And no matter what bands may play in the bush league ball parks, what cheers may greet the resounding hit, what words of mellifluous oratory may welcome us about the festive board or in the hallowed lodge room, ever in our ears and drowning out all else will be that kitty-ka-thunk, kitty-ka-thunk, kitty-ka-thunk of the wheels beneath our Pullman's rolling, shivering bed.

There is all the world of the mystery of far places in that harsh iron rhythm of the wheels. It whispers of foreign lands, deep rivers, wide lakes, the rolling country of southern Ohio, the drear flatness that is Kansas or Dakota, the whispering tree-clad hills of Pennsylvania, the lush lands that lie beside the Father of Waters in Missouri, the rough, stony hills of New England, the dusty, drowsy desert of Arizona, the glaring parched fields of west Texas, the redness of Georgia, and the sand that but last night was Florida.

"Kitty-ka-thunk, kitty-ka-thunk," sang the Pullman whees as we worked our way out of Jacksonville last night. At first it was long-spaced. Gradually it quickened its time until it was singing rapidly, almost in a monotone, its music of the rails.

To one who dotes on strange places there is joy in hearkening to the kitty-ka-thunk. Lying in the close, stuffy berth, one hears the grinding grip of the axle, the rattle of the window, the groan of the car as it is swung around the curve.

"Crash! Bang!" But wait, it is only a brakeman on his way through the darkened car. It is no modern Jesse James looking for money or lives. And back you go to ruminating on the kitty-ka-thunk, kitty-ka-thunk, kitty-ka-thunk.

How many glorious miles must those wheels have traveled? And they say they are made of paper, too. Possibly of old paper turned back into the mills somewhere. It's barely possible that in that very wheel below is a spent page of the Washington Times, now turned by the skill of a modern world into the resemblance of iron.

Ah, round a curve we go, rattling on our way. The engineer whistles a shrill tune over the trestle bridge. We look out. All is blackness. Then water sparkles somewhere. A wee station the size of a piano box flashes by and is gone into the night.

Now we must have struck a straight piece of the track, for the electric light fixtures have a tune of their own up there on the ceiling, as though jealous of that lordly kitty-ka-thunk below.

The engine far ahead is purring now like some great engine who knows he has his task well in hand. That giant pulls his swaying cars behind him across little bridges over swamps, past lonely farm houses, beside huge-bulking freight sheds.

And always is heard that kitty-ka-thunk, kitty-ka-thunk, kitty-ka-thunk below, singing a litany of the rails. It sings of the miles, the miles, the bridges, the stations, the farm lands, the hills, the brooks, the swamps, the deserts, the grades. Yet its words are ever the same, just kitty-ka-thunk.

What joy can there be for the eld lying in his berth and knowing nothing of that great tune, that kitty-ka-thunk!

The eld turns in, rolling himself in his blanket, and is off to sleep. He sees the slow car moving in Palestine. He sees the gorgeous palanquin of an East Indian maharajah, swinging and swaying. He sees the ricksha, with its human engine slipping along a rainy road in his woodland clogs. He sees the Tartar tribe on the move, with the great spears flaunting in the wind. He sees the Turk's janissaries swarming into what is Hungary, their entire possessions on their back. He sees the reindeer team of the Laplander as he moves across the ice fields, with the school geography. And they all spell the kitty-ka-thunk of the Pullman car.

The dreamer, lying there in his berth, sees the cave opening over the lake, the pirogue lurking along the Mississippi's bayou, the muttering motor boat of Miami, the bird-like hydroplane of St. Petersburg, but they have no kitty-ka-thunk.

And he dreams of the great train some master musician will transcribe that marvelous music of the rails so that all will know it, even to the eld sleeping there rolled in his blanket.

It will be a great opera, too, that of the kitty-ka-thunk. It will tell of the desert and the forest, the river, the lake and even the mighty ocean, all conquered by the genius residing in a man's head.

It will tell the story of the rise of man as shown by his ability to move about the face of the earth. It will tell of the long came trains winding their way to El-Kerak, of the wagon trains battling red man and white to sight the gold caches of California, of the catamarans, locking about the explorer's ship, of the burros pursuing their rocky road up a new Mexican trail, of the viking's bold ships of war, of the spirited horses of the Mamboes, of the great craft of Barbary of the modern motor car, the tractor and the airplane.

Surely will be he a master musician who can write that the universal song, the song that will be stamped therein for evermore. And it is a simple song, merely a kitty-ka-thunk, kitty-ka-thunk, kitty-ka-thunk, that's all, all through the night, now, fast, now slow, but ever the kitty-ka-thunk.

What wonder that the navy is filled with lads from the farms of the middle West? They have stood by the roadside and seen the long freight crawling its way around the hill and disappearing in the distance, beckoning to them to follow. They have seen the great gorgon-eyed monster coming up out of the blackness that is night, standing and heaving like a behemoth before going on again

Indoor Sports - - - - - By TAD



The Above Cartoon in Animated Form Produced by International Film Service and Distributed by Goldwyn.

BAN ON BIMBO MAY PRODUCE ANOTHER STAR

Norman McMillan Will Get Chance to Oust Meusel in Outfield.

By SID MERCER.

DALLAS, April 3.—It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. What is the misfortune of Babe Ruth and Bob Meusel may be the making of Norman McMillan, who otherwise might have to wait longer for his chance to star with the Yankees. It is almost an assured fact now that this young Southerner will open the season in right field for the New York team and if he continues to hit he will seriously dispute that position with Meusel when the Californian becomes eligible to play.

But for the plight the Yankees are in as a result of Ruth's indiscretion last fall, McMillan might have been returned to the International League or forced to remain with the Yankees as a bench warmer. For, he it is known, he came to the club as a third baseman and not as an outfielder.

Snatching the third base job from Frank Baker, who is in great form this spring, or Mike McNally, who played the bag so acceptably in the last world series, is an accomplishment no "busher" would seriously undertake. McMillan may be a better man than either Baker or McNally, but he probably could not have demonstrated that fact this season because he would have had few opportunities to break into the lineup.

One year ago this McMillan boy showed up at the Shreveport training camp with Scout Bob Gilks claiming hitting talent for him.

"He may be a year or two away," declared Gilks. "But he can hit any kind of pitching. This is his first year of college. Give him a year under a smart manager and then look him over."

Miller Huggins gave McMillan the year under George Stallings at Rochester. He came back this spring with a batting average of .318 against International League pitching. Suddenly McMillan replaced Skinner in right field. He was there when the Yanks played the Cardinals and he has been there ever since because he is the most consistent hitter in the Yankee batting order.

McMillan has slugged all sorts of pitching down here. He touched up the St. Louis and Brooklyn boxmen for extra base hits and simply murdered the New Orleans hurlers. In one game with the Pelicans he slashed clean, whistling singles through the center of the infield so fast that they could not be touched.

And so this young man has rather taken the play away from Skinner, who is still with the club, however. In fact, both of these young chaps are figuring prominently in the spring exhibitions because Meusel is not with the team, and Ruth, suffering from an injured side, is confining his fielding efforts to first base.

SOLONS PLAY "HOOKEY" TO SEE GIANTS PLAY

JACKSON, Miss., April 3.—The State Legislature, in session yesterday morning in the Capitol building, refused to fall for the lure of the game, even if the world's champions were the parties of the first part.

A vote to adjourn until after the ball game was defeated, 50 votes to 32. Thereupon the baseball party announced it would play "hookey" anyway, and it did.

Want Games Away.

The Gibraltarians want games with teams in the following Virginia towns: Purcellville, Manassas, Middleburg, Rectortown, Hamilton, Warsaw and Fredericksburg. A. L. Meisberg, of 612 K street northeast, is the Gibraltar manager.

BIMBO ADVISES AGAINST OVER-TRAINING AT CAMP

By BABE RUTH.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., April 3.—It is the aim of every major league manager to have his club in perfect physical condition at the opening of a season, but not all of them make use of the same means to this end. Some leaders, John McGraw, of the Giants, for example, drive their players, while others, of whom Miller Huggins is one sort of nurse there along. Both systems must be good, for both have produced pennant-winning teams.

New York expert observers who have seen the Yankees in training this spring have commented to the fact that at next time has Manager Huggins played the Simon Legree, whipping his men to their task and keeping them on the jump throughout their daily workouts. Observers who had visited the Giant encampment at San Antonio and had seen the National Leaguers practice twice a day, morning and afternoon were more surprised that the Yankees had only one mid-day drill, which never lasted more than two and a half hours.

John McGraw doubtless is convinced of the value of a full working day, yet I venture the opinion that when the barrier is sprung, the Yankees will be just as active, both mentally and physically, as their National League rivals. Their progress toward the well-known pink of condition may have been slower, but it has been none the less sure. With still another week of training ahead of them, they are already beginning to chafe for championship competition, and this is always an infallible sign that a club is almost if not quite ready to "go."

Even the older pitchers are beginning to show flashes of their best form. Their development has been purposely retarded by Manager Huggins this spring, who figured there must be some way to get a pitching staff through the winter weeks of training without an epidemic of sore arms and set himself to find it. Accordingly, he would not permit them to put any real strains upon their arms until they felt sure they could cut loose without a real effort.

None of the real veteran hurlers was permitted to pitch in any of the earlier practice or exhibition games, with the result that they have done less real pitching this spring than any other set of fingers in either major league. But when they did start, they were prepared to "do their stuff" unhampered by any fear that they would throw their arms away.

During the past ten days the regular pitchers have monopolized the mound works and will continue to do so. None has gone more than six innings in any one game as yet, but Carl Mays could pitch an entire game if he had and so could Sammy Jones, Joe Bush or Waite Hoyt. Bob Shawkey who was handicapped by a lame arm all last season, is not so far advanced as the others but the chances are that he, too, will be in the pink by the end of next week.

My own game has been greatly hampered of late by injuries sustained at New Orleans. In my efforts to advance the Crescent City fans in exhibition games with the Cardinals and the Robins I forgot that it was only March and played just as hard as I would in the middle of August.

The natural consequence was that when we started on our exhibition tour with the Robins I had a lame knee, a bad wrist and a badly strained side to contend with. These injuries made it impossible for me to get good hits at the ball and I was afraid, for a couple of days, that I would have to lay off. I stuck it out, however, and had the satisfaction at Galveston of nicking Sherry Smith for one of the longest home runs ever made at Gulf View Park. (Copyright, 1922, by the Christy Walsh Syndicate.)

ELECT PENN CAPTAIN AT BANQUET THURSDAY

PHILADELPHIA, April 3.—The Athletic Association of the University of Pennsylvania will give a banquet to the red and blue basketball players next Thursday night at the training camp. The banquet will be in the form of a farewell party to Captain Bill Grave, who will be graduated in June. Members of the junior varsity and freshmen teams will be the guests of the committee also.

A captain for the team next year will be elected at the banquet, and at the present time Al Voegelgin appears as the most likely candidate for this honor. Voegelgin has played guard on the varsity for two years. He is a graduate of Central High School and is a junior in the dental school.

Miller is the only other man on the team who is eligible, but as Poss already has the leadership of the football team, it is thought that for next year will depend upon the he will not be a candidate.

The possibilities of a strong team development of a center to fill Graves' shoes. At the present time there is Brew, who jumped center for the junior varsity; Payn, a substitute freshman center, and Harwood and Lutz, both from this year's freshman team.

Poss, Miller and Al Voegelgin will be the guards, and the men for the forward positions will be selected from Benny Demsen, Label Goldblatt, Danny Sullivan, James McNichol and Bill James for the varsity squad, with Carmack, Knease, Berman and Cohn from the freshman team.

"The coaching problem has been settled, and we surely will allow Eddie McNichol or Joe Fogarty to get away from us if we can help it," said Ralph Morgan, chairman of the basketball committee, yesterday. "Their contracts are ready and I believe they will be signed this week."

KING GEORGE VERY FOND OF BOWLING ON GREEN

LONDON, April 3.—One of King George's favorite outdoor pastimes is the game of bowls. Recently he had a very bowling green laid out in the grounds of Windsor Castle, principally for the use of the domestic staff there, and played the first game on it himself.

He also had a lawn tennis court at Sandringham turned into a bowling green, which is now regarded as one of the best in the eastern counties of England.

The King's second son, the Duke of York, is also a keen bowler, and is his father's usual opponent.

ALONG THE SPORT TRAIL

By GEO. E. PHAIR.

THE DECOY.

Billy Bozo was a discontented athlete.

Who was holding out to get a wad of dough.

And the magnate laughed about him: "We can get along without him."

For his feeble limbs are growing old and slow.

Lucas Lowbrow was a youngster from the bushes.

And to tell the truth he was an usual ambition.

Said the magnate: "He's a wonder! He will tear the league asunder!"

He is just the man for Billy Bozo's job!"

Billy Bozo signed the customary papers.

And is holding down the job he held of yore.

And is playing his position with his usual ambition.

And we do not hear of Lucas any more.

Very often when you hear about a rooky.

Whose endeavors in the spring are superfluous.

And whose animated capers get his picture in the papers.

It's a stall to whip a holdout into line.

Now is the time when the club owner takes his ax in hand and whittles the feed bill down to normalcy.

We see by the papers that Dick Kerr is just an ordinary pitcher who has been greatly overestimated.

He will be a world beater as soon as he has signed his name on the dotted line.

According to early Spring dope, Connie Mack has the best team in Eagle Pass, Tex.

AND STILL THE PATIENT LIVES.

Each college prex.

From Mich. to Tex.

From plains and rock-bound hills.

From ocean strands.

And meadowlands.

From lakes and woods and rills.

And lasting cure.

For Old Man Football's ills.

Babe Ruth is captain of the Yanks and draws as much pay as a captain.

Technically Ruth is only a captain, but he has two colonels working for him.

RAH! RAH! ROMNEY!

The most peculiar athlete.

That ever went to college.

Performed most peculiar feat—

He snaked up too much knowledge.

Harry Greb is not a hard hitter, but he knocked Jack Dempsey loose from a wad of easy lucre.

Zhyzsko threw Yussif Mahmoud the other night and settled the argument over the prehistoric championship.

SPRING STUFF.

All Nature awakened by Spring's snappy smile.

Is springing with vigor and vim.

The pedestrian springs to a safety leap.

With a motor car springing at him.

TIA JUANA ENTRIES

FOR TUESDAY.

FIRST RACE—One-half mile. Faber, 119; Nemo, 120; Peter, 118; Pierson, 111; Pat Hammon, 99; Dick Turpin, 114; Lockedeal, 99; Betty Mae, 101.

SECOND RACE—Six furlongs. W. C. Dooley, 112; Clear the Way, 117; Circulate, 110; Lotta Speed, 108; Cleely Kay, 110; McMurphy, 112; Coombs, 115; Lady Bourton, 107; Crispie, 110; Redman, 112.

THIRD RACE—One mile and a sixteenth. Ledinosaur, 113; Modiste, 113; Hickory Nut, 108; Baby Sister, 108; Infancia, 108; Gen. Byng, 110; Ven Lady, 108; Clerk, 115; Zodaic, 115; North, 115; Go On, 115.

FOURTH RACE—Six furlongs. Ola Lee, 115; Mary Jay, 107; Mary Fuller, 110; Leo Breckinridge, 118; Charmant, 108; Al Porter, 117; Vera Rita, 105; John S. Wiggins, 96; Velvet, 110; Lewis B., 117.

FIFTH RACE—Six furlongs. Arc the King, 114; Soda, 107; Doctor Corbett, 114; Coca Cola, 97; Soloca, 92.

SIXTH RACE—Six furlongs. Weiland, 112; Prophecy, 110; Nick Klein, 112; Double Van, 112; Don Jose, 114; Carren, 110; Dalwood, 109; Lobella, 110; Mald of Ansel, 112; Lola, 112.

SEVENTH RACE—One mile and a eighth. Smiling Maggie, 110; Myrtle A. C., 115; No Wonder, 112; Clinch 112; Sample, 85; McCroan, 104; Ethel Kismet, 88; Vera Wood, 98.

Eighth race—Five furlongs. Robert L. Owen, 115; Shifty, 115; Harry Rudder, 116; Vester, 108; Queen of Trumps, 107; Sister Susie, 118; Clear Lake, 106; Aryanna, 106; Ethel Brown, 107; Tuit, 107.